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THE PRACTICAL MAN

The busy world of workers is made up of "practical" men, so dear to the American heart. They are those who accept a fact as it appears to them, without bothering about the reasons for it. To question at all is to be that most abominated creature, a dreamer, an impractical man, a crank.

To the "practical" man the steam of a kettle suggests a cup of tea. To Stephenson it evolved the locomotive, and he narrowly escaped the interior of an asylum for lunatics in making it practical.

When a "practical" man puts his ear to a telephone his thoughts, if they may be called such, are on the answer, and not on the startling mystery that conveys the sound of a human voice a thousand miles to the room in which he is.

Were that practical man to turn his attention to the miracle which he uses as a matter of course, his mind would be unsettled and rendered almost useless in his business.

To develop the mind is to weaken and eventually destroy the "practical" instincts. This man holds in common with the lower animals. The trick horse of the circus or the trained pig of the side-show, turned out into fields to make their own living, starve to death.

An eminent Chicago divine asks: "What is the good of a man owning a thousand coats when he can wear but one?" The good man did not state the question fully; he should have said, "What is the good of a man owning a thousand coats when he cannot wear one?" To the mere delver in earth, art, science and literature are dead.

Are you sure, O, brother accumulator of mere wealth—practical idiot that you are! that sufficient unto you are your instincts, simply because you have lost your tail and walk upon your hind legs?

Of course the state highway commission will appropriate no money to assist in hard surfacing the fair grounds road. That body has adopted a policy of using the state road funds as a premium to be given to those counties which bankrupt themselves voting bonds for the benefit of the paving trust. Clatsop, Jackson, Columbia and Hood River counties get all the state road money with the exception of a few little dribbles here and there. Marion county, the second largest county in the state, pays more money into the fund than any other county except Multnomah, but cannot get a dollar out of it because the road work done by our county court is paid for as we go along. If we would only vote a blanket bond issue for road purposes and proceed to squander the money the state highway commission would let us dip into the state funds as deeply as we cared to. Next to the fish and game commission the highway commission is the prize booby bunch of all the state officials.

The big Pacific Northwest is at last getting a hearing in the world. The Spokane Spokesman-Review gives publicity to the statement that Gerrit Fort, passenger traffic manager of the Union Pacific system, is a believer in the idea of making one big community of the whole Pacific Northwest. He believes that what benefits one section should benefit all sections; that much effort is being wasted because the cities that should be co-operating are pulling against each other. And the Heppner Gazette-Times adds: "Mr. Fort is on the right track, and if he will broaden his big idea so as to include the country community and the agricultural interests that back up these cities, he will surely have something worth while."

Chairman Walsh of the Industrial Relations committee, asserts that low wages is the cause of unrest among the workmen. If this is true, how does Mr. Walsh reconcile it with the fact that there was less unrest in the years past when the wage scale averaged very much lower than at the present time?

All the warring nations are using a great deal of space in American newspapers to prove that they have their enemies whipped to death. More likely it is a case of bluff all around.

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Capital \$500,000.00
Transact a general banking business
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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

AS TO "GOOD GOVERNMENT"

The Saturday Evening Post discusses the question of government from an angle that appeals to many persons now, because the tax rate is increasing in every state and many have that dangerous point where they are beginning to ask if it is worth the price. It is doubtful if the great increase in officials, boards and commissions, the large number of new laws enacted with a view to regulating business and individual action calling for more all the while, has brought benefits in keeping with the additional expense entailed. The Post says:

"Absolutely, no such thing as good government has ever been known, about all the forms have been tried and every one has shown notable failings. Government itself is at most only a half good thing. Its most important functions are a product of human failings. Probably a community of saints would have no use for any government."

"Government is undergoing a tremendous efficiency test just now. Considered as an organization for conducting the public business of a great community, the government of the United States is undoubtedly inferior to that of Germany. But government is more than merely a concern for carrying on public business. It is a compact, a bond that our will at least potentially touches all of our relations. Personally we would much rather tolerate the weakness of our form of government than have a man in the United States in whose presence it was not permissible to stand with a hat on, and concerning whom, one could not, if one were so minded, lawfully express the opinion that he was an ass. Probably a free government could never be so efficient as a bossed one. That is one of the defects of democracy; the demagogue is another defect. In short a democratic government is far from absolutely good, yet is the best there is."

Former President Taft is developing in a good many ways since he became a private citizen. For instance, he is even humorous in some of his public addresses; at least he has the faculty of stating a truth in a way that appeals to the sense of humor, a good sample being reference to California as a "chemical laboratory" for "political experiments." "We of the East are quite willing that you should maintain a chemical laboratory here for political experiments," Mr. Taft said, "if you are willing to pay the bills, and you may be sure you will have to pay."

"Is wood alcohol a poison?" asks an exchange. Drink it and see.

OPEN FORUM

The Fair Grounds Road.
Editor Capital Journal:
I have been reading with great interest the various articles published in the Salem papers regarding the improvement of the Fair grounds road.
Until last evening, I thought the matter was going along very nicely, that a remonstrance was to be filed unless the state donated \$2,000 and the business men of the city \$1,000. But when Mr. P. P. Minbenzine came to the front with his heart-breaking appeal in behalf of our poor property owners, I became disgusted.
He said, "Many of us who own property on the road were not notified nor did we know the meeting was to be held." Not so. The city papers published notices of this meeting, giving ample notice to all interested property owners.
He said that the first meeting was a fraud, and that a chamber who did attend the meeting and voted, were not property owners.
As I remember, the only signer or voter who did not own property on the road was Mizemore's son, Fred.
He said, "This whole thing therefore is not legal and will be stopped if we have to resort to the courts to stop it." Sure, this is correct. The legal signing of the petition to the city council was done at a second meeting and by replication of the petition. Over 100 percent of the property owners signed the petition and the only way to stop the improvement is by remonstrance.
Remonstrance is made to the poor property owners who would rather get along for a while until times are better; also to taking bond from the widows and orphans. I believe there are none too poor to meet the assessments for the paving, and as to the widows and children, why be so small as to hide behind skirts and little children?
The biggest widow on the road is of the "Red" species, who pleads in his own behalf. If the widows are in such dire need, why does not our worthy neighbor circulate a subscription in their behalf, instead of a remonstrance to kill a much needed improvement?
I am opposed to the improvement unless it is done as we agreed in the petition to the city council. But let us give the state and business men time to meet their agreement.
I would not write these few words if it were not for the fact that the report of the condition, might lead some people to think that we are all paupers, widows, or little children.
FOR IMPROVEMENT.
The Mob.
"Thomas E. Watson, once populist candidate for president of the United States, makes a public defense of the lynching of Leo M. Frank. This may be taken as conclusive evidence that the occurrence was the inexcusable outrage against law and order that most persons have always considered it."
Capital Journal.
In this case the machinery of justice broke down under the weight of moneybags. A weak governor, who was also a member of the law firm that defended Frank, set aside the judgment of the

court, the verdict of the jury, the verdict of the state supreme court, and the findings of the United States supreme court, and allowed money to a notorious rapist whose crime was peculiarly heinous. The mob simply did what the machinery of justice would have done had there been a mob, instead of a thing, in the governor's chair. What the mob stands for the defense of virtue, and of the helpless poor, as in this case, it is bound to have its sympathies, and apologize.
J. D. RATLIFF.

STOMACH MISERY QUICKLY VANISHES

Your money back if you want it is the way in which Daniel J. Fry, the popular druggist, is selling Mi-on-a, the great dyspepsia remedy.
This is an unusual plan, but Mi-on-a has so much merit and is so almost invariably successful in relieving all forms of indigestion that he can but little risk in selling under a guarantee of this kind.
Do not be miserable or make your friends miserable with your dyspepsia. Mi-on-a will help you. If it doesn't, tell Daniel J. Fry that you want your money back and he will cheerfully refund it.
A change for the better will be seen from the first few doses of Mi-on-a and its continued use will soon start you on the road to perfect digestion and enjoyment of food.
Mi-on-a has been so uniformly successful that every box is sold under a positive guarantee to refund the money if it does not relieve. What fairer proposition could be made.
Daniel J. Fry gives his personal guarantee of "money back if you want it" with every box of Mi-on-a that he sells. A guarantee like this speaks volumes for the merit of the remedy.
DIVERSIFIED FARMING PAYS.
It seems that at this time every owner of a farm, be it large or small, is seeking the best method to make it yield him a lucrative return for time and good money expended. To all such The Observer would suggest that they visit Mr. Henry Nager, a prosperous farmer near Lincoln, a prosperous owner about 300 acres, part of which is on the Willamette bottom. Upon this he raises cereals of all kinds, enabling him, if the market suits, to realize from wheat, oats, barley and rye. This year he has also raised alfalfa, from which he has cut the third crop, and so well pleased is he with the result from his experiment with this choice of grasses that he contemplates putting in a large acreage, and with a ram in the river, installing a system of irrigation, although the grass has done well this year through natural elements. Mr. Nager also keeps about 40 cows. From these he sells cream when the market is up, but when the price of cream goes down he converts the milk into cheese, having a fair-sized cheese factory upon his farm, that is well filled with large, sweet Swiss cheese at this time. He says he makes money, but it is done only through methodical diversifying.—Dallas Observer.

THE INCUMBRANCE.
City Chap.—Own this place, clear? Suburbanite.—There's a \$2,000 automobile on it.
AND SHE COULDN'T.
She was a blonde, and he had always dreamed that the one woman would be a brunette. She was only eighteen, and he had always thought of his ideal as being about twenty-three. She had told him that she knew nothing of cooking and he had always said that his bride-to-be must know this art. And yet, as they sat together in the hammock on that moonlit evening, he could not deny but that there was something about this little girl that drew her to him.

LITERATURE.
Willis—Do you think our young people are losing their taste for literature?
Gillis—Gracious, no! You ought to see those kids of mine fight for the comic supplement every Sunday.
THE HELPING HAND.
The Married Man.—I tell you, it's when a man falls into misfortune that he appreciates a woman.
The Single Man.—You bet! It must be a handy thing sometimes to put all your property in your wife's name.

HIS SENTIMENTS.
(Before buying a car.)
Great Scott! but they're reckless—these chauffeurs, you know.
It isn't, Lord knows, that we need laws.
But hanging a couple of dozen or so would teach 'em respect for the speed laws.



A Galley o' Fun!

HE LOVED HER.
He loved her. There was no doubt about that. Anyone could have told that by the way he looked at her. There was no doubt about the joy and pride which was his now that he had her for his own. He had sought her—O, how vigilantly he had sought her, and how long! The thought of parting with her was bitter to him—O, how bitter! She was good, there was no doubt about that. She was fair—What? At any rate she would pass, and that was all that was necessary. She was precious, she was worth her weight in gold. No wonder he adored her and cherished her—the Goddess of Liberty on an American Dollar.

THE THREE FISHERS.
Three fishers went tramping away to the west.
Away to the west as the sun went down.
Each thought of all fishermen he was the best.
Each thought of the fish he'd bring back to the town.
For men will fish and women must wait,
Though the bait be good and they stay out late.
Then Ho for the calm waters lying!

Three fishers came wandering back to the town.
Back home to the town in the morning light.
Each one, disappointed, is wearing a frown.
For they haven't caught any though one had a bite;
And the few that they carry of boys have been bought!
But think of the big ones they al might have caught,
And hark to the three fishers lying.
Walter G. Doty.

THOSE OLD LEGENDS.
"Beautiful view here from the grounds."
"Beautiful!"
"This is a most picturesque old resort."
"O, very!"
"And the fall foliage is beautiful."
"Beautiful!"
"You have been here before, I presume?"
"We come up every year."
"There must be some legends connected with this delightfully quaint old place?"
"There are."
"Would you tell us the stories of some of them?"
"Well, that fat woman yonder says her husband is a rich broker; that tall woman says she comes here because she's tired of London and Paris; and that thin girl, the one with the undecided nose, says she's worried to death because her parents want her to marry a dissipated and insipiduous duke."



JUDGE HENKLE LOSES LEG.
Justice E. T. Henkle went over to a Salem hospital where he had a leg amputated at the knee Tuesday. For some

"The Time may come when you will regret keeping treasured trinkets in the house, instead of a Safety Deposit Vault."
Many treasured trinkets and priceless tokens have been lost, not by carelessness but by thoughtlessness.
The thoughtful thing to do is to protect them from fire, flood, and theft in our steel safety deposit vault, the sane safe place to keep valuables and where you always have access to them. Boxes in our vault are rented by the year and you carry the key.

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UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK
of Salem, Oregon

THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING.
Next Monday evening, August 30th, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Dashiell, of this city, will celebrate their golden wedding anniversary. The affair will be held at the Christian church and will be open to the public. Mr. Dashiell, saying that Genoa Clark has nothing on him in inviting the whole state of Missouri to his daughter's wedding recently. The ceremony will be conducted at 7:30 o'clock by Rev. Barton Z. Riggs, a native son of old Polk. A reception will immediately follow in the basement of the church.
Mr. and Mrs. Dashiell were married near Dallas on August 30, 1865, and have lived all their married life in Polk county. He was born in Kentucky in 1810 and came to Oregon from Iowa in 1860. His wife was born in Iowa in 1816, and came to Polk county with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Campbell, when but seven years of age, crossing the plains with an ox-team. For 54 years she has been a member of the Christian church, while her husband has belonged to that denomination for half a century.
Of the 50 persons who witnessed their marriage 59 years ago, 24 are still living and most of them will be present at this anniversary celebration.—Dallas Itemizer.

Children Cry for Fletcher's
CASTORIA
The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. All Counterfeits, Imitations, and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.
What is CASTORIA
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

A cent a word will tell you in the Journal New Today